

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits at the Court of Queen's Bench for the Counties of York and Peel, Conveyancer, &c., &c., w. w. June 3, 1880. 1f-16

W. MOSELEY,
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
Office on Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25th May, 1885. 1f-17

J. SEXTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired in order, and Warranted.
Newmarket, September 9, 1883. 1f-32

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's prices, upon application to THOMAS NIXON, at the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel.
Newmarket, March 26, 1885. 1f-10

GEORGE D. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,
MAIN STREET NEWMARKET. All Orders executed with Despatch.
Newmarket, W. A. G. H. 1885. 1f-50

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
NEWMARKET.
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.
Feb. 20, 1887. 1f-3

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEWMARKET.
THE proprietor having again resumed the above HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling public that the premises have undergone a thorough repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of guests. The R.H.R. contains the finest of the best brands, and the bar is well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH.
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1887. 1f-37

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for past favors, and to intimate that he is prepared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES, MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles usually required in his line of business.
A number of SUGAR KETTLES and STOVES, PLOUGHS, on hand for sale.
Newmarket, February 10th 1884. 1f-1

UNITY FIRE & UNITY
GENERAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATIONS,
OF ENGLAND,
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
J. W. HANSEN, Agent.
Newmarket, Oct. 28, 1880. 1f-28

Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey!
DOMESTIC AND TODDY.
OF Excellent Quality, by the Barrel, Gallon or Quart. For Sale cheap by
JOHN BENTLEY.
Razors, Scissors and Knives,
GROUND and set on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, by
G. A. WALLACE.
Barber Shop,
2 Doors North of M. W. Bogart's Store,
Newmarket, November 10th, 1885. 1f-39

Dr. D. E. SEYMOUR,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office—West side Main-st., near the New Era building, Newmarket, C. W.
July 7, 1880. 1f-21

C. Mortimer,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA.
A FRESH supply of Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, &c., &c.,
Aurora, March 16, 1880. 1f-5

Western Assurance Company,
OF TORONTO, C. W.,
CAPITAL \$400,000.
P. D. KELLY, Agt.,
Brownsville, March 16, 1880. 1f-5

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
(Late May's Old Stand),
BY HENRY CROXON.
HOLLAND LANDING.
THESE premises have lately been thoroughly renovated and re-fitted for the accommodation of guests.
S. H. Good Stabling and a careful hostler always in attendance.
Holland Landing, March 16, 1880. 1f-5

"Markman's Home,"
BY JAS. MCCLURE,
HOLLAND LANDING.
THIS Hotel is now the only fitted up for the accommodation of guests, and attached to it is one of the best Public Houses in the Village.
JAS. MCCLURE.
Licensed Auctioneer!
For the United Counties of York and Peel.
Holland Landing, March 22, 1880. 1f-6

Professional Notice.
DR. HUNTER begs to announce to the inhabitants of Newmarket, and surrounding country, that he has resumed the practice of his profession at all his branches. Office at his Residence, Timothy Street.
Consultation hours from 9 to 11 o'clock, A.M.
Newmarket, May 17, 1880. 1f-14

TELEGRAPH OFFICE
Re-opened in Newmarket.
THE Undersigned has much pleasure in intimating to the business community, that the manager of the Montreal Telegraph Company has again re-opened an office in this place, and trusts the efforts which have been made to conduct the office here, will be duly appreciated by the business community.
Messages transmitted to any part of Canada, and the principal cities of the neighboring Republic, on the shortest notice.
Newmarket, Dec. 14, 1889. 1f-44

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
ARHITECT &c., &c., SHARON, Canada West Sharon, Jan. 25, 1886. 1f-51

T. Bishop & Son,
Dealers in Lino, &c., &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1887. 1f-14

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c.,
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1885. 1f-36

B. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Office—in the New Court House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.
Toronto, June 5, 1887. 1f-32

JOHN B. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c., Office in Elgin Buildings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.
Toronto, June 20, 1885. 23-17

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c., &c., Office—Old Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured.
Newmarket, 1885. 1f-1

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH, Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1885. 1f-41

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has REMOVED to his new premises on Gorman Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may be consulted at all hours, except when absent on professional business.
Newmarket, May 14, 1886. 1f-16

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.,
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbott Hill), Newmarket.
1f-26

E. D. ROGERS,
JOHN AND CARPENTER,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage conferred by the business community, in this place, would respectfully intimate that he is prepared to contract for the
ERECTOR OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions, and furnish materials or otherwise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constantly on hand a good supply of Sash and Doors. All orders executed in a neat and substantial manner, and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 21, 1887. 1f-34

William B. Sullivan,
BARRISTER and Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., &c., Office—No. 2 Toronto-st., second door south of Post Office, Toronto, C. W.
November 4th, 1888. 1f-38

RYAN & HALLEN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York.
JOHN RYAN. S. W. HALLEN.
December 23, 1886. 1f-47

Dr. Noble, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
SHARON, C. W.
February 23, 1880. 1f-2

Hides! Hides! Hides!
THE Subscriber is prepared to pay CASH for hides.
Newmarket, Dec. 9th, 1886. 1f-43

WALTER B. GEIKIE, M. D.,
Licentiate of the Medical Board of Upper Canada, and recently one of the Medical Officers of the Toronto General Hospital, and Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in St. John's Medical School.
HAS removed to AURORA, and re-taken his former residence, on Yonge-street, where he may be consulted at all times, on the various branches of his profession.
Aurora, Dec. 15, 1880. 1f-41

H. M. JARVIS,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Victoria Hall, Toronto.
BRANCH OFFICE—NEWMARKET.
HAS removed his office from Main Street, to Ontario Street, Newmarket, where the business will be conducted as usual, by Mr. J. L. Cawley.
Newmarket, 10th July, 1880. 1f-22

J. W. KEETCH,
Watch & Clock Maker,
(Over Enloe's)
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of East Gwillimbury and surrounding townships, that he has commenced business in
SHARON, C. W.
Where, he hopes, by strict attention to business, and LOW CHARGES,
To merit and receive a share of public patronage.
Clocks, Watches, Jewellery, and all kinds of Fancy Articles carefully repaired and Warranted. The best reference can be given on application.
Sharon, May 23rd, 1880. 1f-15

WM. BOWDEN,
CARPENTER, JOINER, &c.,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage conferred since commencing business in this place, begs respectfully to intimate that he has REMOVED TO HIS NEW PREMISES, Second house north of the residence of R. H. Smith, Esq., and is now prepared to contract for the
Erection of Buildings,
Of all descriptions, and furnish materials or otherwise, as may be agreed upon. Constantly on hand Doors, Sashes, Venetian Blinds, &c., &c.

For Sale!
2,000 PINE & POUDATION CEDAR-POSTS. Enquire of
A. J. MCGRACKEN.
Newmarket, Feb. 7, 1880. 1f-52

Poetry.
For the New Era.
WOMAN.
BY T. R.

"How solitaire is woman, what loneliness throes
The buried emotions that gleam on her face!
What art can portray the feelings that lie
In the heart of her bosom, the glance of her eye?"
—AKOR.

Would you search the depths of woman's mind,
And the priceless treasures there enshined?
Would you know the tide of mighty feeling,
Go watch her when the cold world's scorn
Heathen'd its wrath on her idol one!

Would you test the strength of woman's love?
Would you see her unswerving constancy prove?
Go watch her when the cold world's scorn
Heathen'd its wrath on her idol one!
More closely she clings in that darkest hour,
As to the fallen oak clings the ivy flower;
Gentle and loving, with purpose high,
She meets the glance of the proud, cold eye.
She shrinks not, she quails not, beneath its gaze,
For she thinks of the boy's heart, her fond love
Would raise:

Go, watch her when sickness bath'd the flush'd cheek,
And the voice of a loved one is faint and weak;
When dimm'd is the flash of that once bright eye,
And the angel of death seems hovering nigh;
Then, oh, then like a spirit of light,
Her vigil she keeps thro' the long, long night;
With cooling draughts, bathes the sufferers brow,
Arranging the fever's fitful glow:
Her steps never tire, nor her heart grow faint,
Nor her lips breathe forth one and complaint,
Where, woman, if not from the realms above,
Hast thou caught the light of thy deathless love?

Would you know the night of woman's life,
When her bosom heaves with tumultuous strife?
Look on her when the slumber's beguiling words
Lie deep, deep, deep, from her faint lips stir;
Then faces in the light of her flashing eye,
As the lightning's flash from the lurid sky—
And the offender trembles from her glance away,
As a criminal shrinks from the light of day.
Would you learn the depths of woman's faith,
How nobly and calmly she can walk to death?
Think of those whose bloom hath faded away
In the gloom of death where no light of day
Ere came to break the rayless gloom!
Calm hath she walked forth from prison to tomb,
With unflinching faith and unswerving eye,
Esteeming it a joy that they should die,
For the sake of Truth, Religion and Right—
In faith have bow'd to the dreadful fall,
Where, woman, if not from realms on high,
Hast thou won a faith that can never die?

An Essay on the Cultivation of Poetical Tastes.
The following Essay was read before the last meeting of the Teachers' Association, held at Aurora, by
MISS APPLETON.

Continued from our last.
Whoever gives us genuine Canadian poetry will have to recall the forest unbroken, the deer, the wolf, the bear, and the beaver that once found their shelter there; the numerous tribes of Indians roaming on the shores of the great lakes in untrammelled freedom, with all their ancient customs; their burial pomp, their marriage ceremonies, and warlike celebrations, now so obsolete that they have become the subject of theatrical exhibition, to recall in slight measure their reality; how different from the real scene, the overhanging forest, the stately chief, the cruel but brave warrior, the women and children gathered around the blazing camp fires, the bow and arrows and savage tommy-hawk, and strangely cruel scalping knife, the relentless revenge, unsparring blood-thirstiness, the stealth and deception when an object was to be obtained; the generous regard and remembrance for favors, and oftentimes noble truthfulness where their word was given, their rapid melting away before the white man's aggressions, the fading away of a whole nation to a pitiful remnant, the springing up of another and mightier nation upon the footstools of receding chiefs, and wasted tribes, thrilling with life, progress, and ambition, stretching its arms onward and upward to claim a position with the greatest in all that constitutes truly human greatness and happiness; but we shall do well if we attain a place only as an episode in the grand epic of our century presents to the master spirit that shall seize on its tragic scenes, its pleasing episodes, and weave them into a poem, that shall involve and concentrate all the beauties of poetical diction and freedom. It may indeed be a theme too grand for rhyme, or almost too stately for the higher blank measure, involving as it does the interests of all nations, and each tremendous scene passing in such quick review, that if not concentrated to the period of ten days, yet has taken scarcely more than the period allotted to that epic, to bring them to a climax. Let us listen to the sounds that have reached us from the heaving nations like the sound of many waters within the last fifteen years. There is the noble but futile effort of the Hungarians to set free their enslaved country, defeated by treachery and perfidy, then follows the pleadings of her most faithful exiled patriot son, Kossuth, to the free nations of Europe, and America; for his country's existence. The struggle of Italy for freedom, hushed in blood and banishment for a period, then amidst those scenes come forth the sweet song of Sweden, charming all hearts and all lands with the gushing melody of superior genius and cultivation, and winning all hearts by their goodness, purity, charity and noble contempt for the gold of Russia, who had crushed Hungary to the dust; then as the beautiful episode of song and love passes on, and the minstrel regains her native shores, we hear the rumbling of the ambitious Czar's war engines to enslave Turkey, and take the east for his possession; the Turks, brave and successful resistance, followed by the combination of the hitherto all-powerful rivals, England and France, to resist the northern despot, and push him sorely to his downfall;—and then those scenes, sufficient in themselves for epics, of grandest power, the battles of In-

termann, and the heights of Alma, the siege and fall of Sevastopol, and the heroic and merciful labors of England's true daughter, Florence Nightingale and her devoted companions. Then after a short deceitful lull in the human tempest, follows the insurrection in India, where human passion and prejudice, and ignorance, and the war of creeds found their widest scope. The faithful, ready, and the gallant brave and loyal Sir Colin Campbell and his brave compere's finishing victories on the fearful scene, and then that greatest Enigma of all, prevailing with fearful questioning every occurrence, the intention of the third Bonaparte, and the meaning of his policy; so that if he were to act as uprightly as Daniel and as faithfully as Abraham (if his position as ruler holder of a vicious, turbulent and anarchy loving nation, rendered so by ages of misrule and religious error) would permit him to do so, he would scarcely be credited for the integrity of his intention, further than his last act justified the confidence. Yet he seems to be raised and sustained on the most difficult throne of Europe, just when the weight of such a mind was needed; and France's great national and impetuous bravery, and love of glory and aggrandizement is better directed under his unyielding despotism, than when as a republic the streets of Paris were stained with the blood of her citizens; and the grandchild of Josephine may have inherited some of her amiable, benevolent and forbearing qualities, as well as the talents of his great predecessor and kinsman Napoleon, the greatly feared and praised, and the as greatly unfortunate exile of St. Helena; but until the French people shall become civilized and christianized in their moral perceptions, why should it be lamented that the reign that holds them is so severely drawn?

Then let us look from France to Britain's shores, there we behold the loveliest episode of all, our Queen, descended from an hundred kings, uniting in her royal person the direct line of Alfred the Great, of Charles Magnus and the Scottish kings, and if tradition be correct the Ancient Welsh royalty, reigning wisely and gloriously over an enlightened and free people, extending liberty and christianity to every region of the globe where the banners of Britain are unfurled, correcting as they appear the errors of former misrule, and showing the brightest example of daughter, consort, mother, and sovereign that ever filled an earthly throne, and thus far the happiest of Royal families, uniting year by year through her consecration and strict love of justice and amiable womanly tact, the extremes of her extensive empire more closely to her ancestral throne, training up her children in self-government and active business habits, to retain the throne that only integrity of principle can make valuable in a rightly constituted government, and commanding the respect of surrounding nations by her sincerely, courtesy and royal bearing. Then our century's onward march in science, education, and the steady, holier, deeper, quieter onward sweep of the Prince of Peace, subjugating to his empire of trust freedom, by his spirit power the nations and kingdoms, with the great results a few more months may make manifest in the downfall of the head of papacy, and the freedom of Italy, and results, yet unseen and unforthcoming, fill our century with dramatic scenes, beautiful episodes, among which—not least or last in interest to our country—the problem of the emancipation of the bond slaves of our neighboring Republic, yet thrilling with the sentiments raised by the writings of one of her most gifted daughters, and the labors of her yet fearless and faithful fugitives. The exploration of Africa, and the researches around the far north, so that if the pen of the poet in our age contents itself with poetry and trivial subjects, it will leave a field of unbroken interest to another and greater spirit, yet to arise on the future scenes, that will demand the highest powers of the historic and sublime to delineate them in all their bearing, and picture them in colors sufficiently glowing to give to the future age a correct picture of our period. But leaving those wider and more extensive fields of poetical and historical thought, let us descend to notice some of the poetical effusions that charm us by their beauty, the pure sweet works of Cowper gaining a higher and yet higher niche in the world's esteem as that world advances in piety and enlightenment, the lines that need no repentance of Montgomery, the beautiful but mournful melody of Hemans, and the grand spirited poems of Mrs Norton, the pleasing Scott, and country binding Burns, the great but erring Byron; these are some of the many deserving notices, too numerous to mention in such a theme, already sufficiently lengthened, and I think I cannot better close this essay than by reading to you a poem by an American on a subject of sufficient interest to ourselves, and which I think the writer has clothed with more than mediocre power,—with Longfellow and Whittier, the authors of this American production, I think, deserves to be remembered.

[Here follows a piece of poetry entitled "The Last Song of Table Rock"—by W. H. PARKER.]

Literature.
The Amateur Mechanic.
Jack Crawford was a very odd sort of fellow. He took particular delight in disguises, romances, mysteries, and adventures generally. Therefore, he was continually getting into scrapes of all kinds; and, naturally enough, there was almost always "a lady in the case."

This made him a little misanthropic—a mild sort of woman-hater. Yet, for all that, somehow, he could never let the sex alone. A profound love of Nature and jolly times led Jack and myself to the pretty village of St. Blossom, one summer. We went to fish, to sketch, to see the scenery, and perhaps, to drink the waters of the springs there; for, as Jack remarked, "they possessed peculiarly refreshing qualities—when mixed with a little cognac."

The morning of the third day of our sojourn was seated upon a flowery slope, skirted by poplar-willows, whose gnarled roots were bathed by the clear waters of a stream that emptied into the bay, we had sought the spot to smoke an after-breakfast cigar, and to indulge in a quiet chat, with the beauties of Nature before our eyes.

As is painfully apt to be the case, when two young men are together, our talk was all of women.

Women! what an inexhaustible subject, for contemplation, for conversation, for writing, for oratory, for painting, for sculpture, and for matrimony!

"It is all gammon," said Jack, "women don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, nor good fellowship. All they look for is wealth and position, even when they are in love. If they don't find those amiable attributes, they won't love at all, generally; and if a fellow hasn't got them, he'd better let the sex alone."

"As you do?"
"That's neither here nor there—it takes a gilded eye to unlock their precious little hearts. That's so!"
"You are sadly mistaken, Jack; and the worst of it is, you know it. You are angry with the husband-hunters who have given you chess to long, and revenge yourself by assailing the entire institution of dimity." You are all wrong. A fellow like you, young, rich, and—well, yes, I think I may say tolerably good-looking—has no chance to see woman in there true colours. The modest ones do not care to compete with the designing ones, who are bound to marry your bank-accounts in spite of yourself, and to play off their charms upon you, ad nauseam."

"But are there any artless ones, who don't want money above all things? I hardly think it."

"That's because you never find them cradling about you. Only the brazen-faced fortune-hunters do that, and they have a customer you to being sought. The really good girls require seeking; and as that isn't in your line, you never know how many nice women there are in the world."

Jack started up.
"I'll tell you what I'll do," cried he, flinging his cigar-end into the stream; "I'll test the question! I'll test it here, in this very place! I'll ignore my money, turn mechanic, make love to the prettiest, proudest girl in the village, and show you that she won't have me on any terms. Then I'll come out in my own character, and prove that cash and family are potent to accomplish that which my acquisitions and character can never begin to do!"

"What, marry her?"
"Not much! Make her ask me to, and I'll laugh at her!"

I confess that I hoped Jack would not put the matter to such a severe test. He was a capital fellow, as rich in accomplishments as in money; and I knew that St. Blossom contained some very charming girls—daughters of retired sea-captains, bankers, &c., who, however much they might be a journeyman mechanic, would see him hanged, almost before they would consent to marry him. As a *contrain*, a young gentleman of wealth and position would probably prove very acceptable to any of the marriageable ones.

But Jack was determined; and when I returned to the city, a few days afterwards, I left him boldly arranging a chest of carpenter's tools, and getting himself up a paper cap and pair of blue overalls.

He had a wonderful talent, had Jack, for doing everything tolerably well. He played upon half-a-dozen different musical instruments, could survey, sketch, pretty in pencil or water-color, understood short-hand, had dabbled in surgery and medicine, was a finished jockey, a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, written an epic, and half-sold a pair of boots! With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he should be able to get on very well as a carpenter. Nobody knew him in St. Blossom; and when he introduced himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, he succeeded in convincing him that he, Jack, was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortnight of his experiment; but on the whole, it was lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors, as he might have found some little difficulty in paying his board and minor expenses—especially as he commissioned me to send him some five dollars' worth of cigars, every week.

One fine day, after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest houses in St. Blossom.

Jack agreed; and in a short time, was mounted on a scaffold about on a level with the third-story windows of the mansion of old Judge Preston, the richest, and perhaps the most aristocratic man in the village.

Jack did not find his task an easy one. The work was rather elaborate, and the weather was warm. Two days elapsed, and he had only got ready to commence putting up the brackets that sustained—or appeared to sustain—the heavy moldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur mechanic, getting into the shade, unpacked his little tin dinner-pail, and began a repast at once, simple and nourishing, when he saw that the window nearest him was open, and some papers lying on the casement inside were in danger of getting blown away.

"I know it is a trespass," meditated he, "but it is for the proprietor's good. I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents."

A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from the scaffold, through the window, and into a very elegant chamber.

"Hem," said Jack; "a woman's apartment, evidently."

There were paintings, statuettes, vases, and forty other luxurious nothings, such as women of taste love to gather around them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, which stood in a ornate-embroidered canopy, was strewn with books; in French, English, and Italian, as if the tutelar deity of the room had been lying down and amusing herself with music and literature.

There was a portfolio open on the table, with a very nice little water-color sketch, half-finished; a well-selected, though small library; in a corner, and everything about the apartment from the bed, with its snowy coverlet and lace-embroidered pillows, to the canary-bird in the window, bespoke refinement and delicacy of taste on the part of whoever had arranged the chamber.

"Something elegant about all this," mused Jack; "I must investigate this. Here's an opening for a splendid bit of romance—poor young carpenter, and rich, lovely woman, oh! Lord bless 'em! there have been bushels of romances written on the same plot!"

He gathered up the scattered papers, and placed them beneath a paper-weight on the casement; then, regarding his scaffold, he finished his lunch and went to work again, a little more hopefully than before.

Several days passed thus, and Jack got into a very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in the hope of meeting the occupant of this charming temple. He became familiar with all the books, pictures, and music; whilst the canary in convulsions of song, and drove himself half-crazy with speculations concerning the fair unknown.

One morning, when he opened the window, and had caught a glimpse of a fair form; but she, seeing him, had suddenly withdrawn, and he had been unable to discover whether she was beautiful as a rosebud, or ugly as a camel.

He found that her customary costume was of pale blue and white, and that she was given to wearing coquettish little head-dresses of faint blue.

Evidently, the girl was a blonde.

He found gaiters of delicate colors, exquisite shawls, and wonderful smallness; gloves of corresponding delicacy and size; tasteful morning robes, and esquires, and things such as nice girls array themselves in when at home and alone.

He fastened upon the atmosphere of the place, so pure, so refined, so suggestive of beauty and cultivation.

What will you say, O matter-of-fact reader, when I tell you that my friend, Jack Crawford, felt desperately in love with a girl he had never seen—of whom he knew nothing, almost.

Yet he did.

Quite naturally, the erection of the cornice progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter wondored at it; but Jack assured him, every morning, that it would take only a day or two longer.

To be Continued.

Woes than Not-Gut.

Joe, the man of all work about Porter's hotel, at North Cambridge, was fond of good liquor or indeed liquor of any kind; and being generally, short of funds, was in the habit of seizing on all remnants of liquor left by practitioners at the bar.

Thus matters progressed for some years, until one day, when Porter having occasion to make a mixture to cure a diseased hoof, had need of some nitric acid, or aquafortis, that article being one of the ingredients of the lotion. Tasting a common bar tumbler and pouring a sufficient quantity of acid into it, he went out, leaving the tumbler on the counter, and a drover the sole occupant of the bar-room.

He had no sooner passed the door than in came Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a tumbler, as usual, with some liquor too good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, "as was the usual custom," and quickly threw himself outside of sight.

He then went to chopping wood, smacking his lips at the unusual strength of the spirit.

Shortly after old Zach coming in, picked up the tumbler to go on with his medical preparation, but was surprised at finding it empty. Inquiring of the traveller, he was informed that a short, chunky man, describing Joe, had drunk it. With an exclamation of surprise, and conversation depicted on his countenance he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, expecting to find his dead body not far off.

He passed around the house and in the back found Joe doing extra execution on the logs, working as he generally did when he bid on an extra amount of steam. After getting over his astonishment, this egotistical took place.

Old Zach.—Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?

Joe.—Why, yes, I thought it bado't ought to be wasted, you know. All right I s'pose.

Old Zach.—I don't know. How do you like it? How do you feel after it?

Joe.—Feel I feel first rate, lively as a cricket.

Old Zach.—Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed anything out of the way—nothing wrong about you?

Joe.—Anything wrong? Well, no, not much; I s'pose I take good hold; goes further than common. There is only one thing which I can't get the hang of (here he drew his shirt sleeve under his nose) When I wipe my mouth, I turn a hole in my shirt sleeve.

Foreign and Colonial.

The Prince of Wales.

Departure from Quebec.

RECEPTION AT THREE RIVERS.

Quebec, Thursday, Aug. 23.

The Prince's departure this morning was very prettily arranged.

He left Parliament House at half-past ten with his suite in carriages. On the Champlain Market wharf was a guard of honour forming a hollow square, in which were the Corporation of the city in full dress and several members of the Government.

Proceeded by the National Societies with banners, he entered the square at a quarter to eleven, and immediately went on board the *Kingston*.

The Steamer had been specially fitted for his accommodation. The berth has been taken out of the state room, and a comfortable bed placed in each. She has been thoroughly overhauled and in addition to other ornaments a beautiful Prince of Wales has been painted on each paddle box, fresh carpets and furniture of all kinds have been supplied and the sailors are all dressed in uniforms similar to that of the Royal Navy.

As soon as the Prince went on board, his standard was hoisted at the fore, and saluted by all the men-of-war in port, as well as by the ci-devant. The yards of the ship were manned and their crews, as also the soldiers and the crowd assembled cheered lustily.

The Royal party who are the only passengers after going to see their rooms, went on

the hurricane deck to enjoy the beautiful scene around. They remained close by the walking beam while the steamer moved away, which it did a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

The steamer *Kingston* returned half an hour after her departure, having left the provisions behind. Having got them on board she again started.

Among the last persons who saw the Royal party here, was Mr. Thompson, secretary to Mayor Wood of New York. Mr. Thompson was much pleased with the courtesy of all the high personages of the suite.

It is well to warn the authorities against persons who are representing themselves falsely to be connected with the leading English and New

